

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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OCTOBER 27, 1918

The Red Cross Calf.

BY BLANCHE GERTRUDE ROBBINS.

BARBARA picked a handful of blackberries, dropping them slowly into the box, turning to switch aside the briars that were scratching her legs even through her long tan stockings. Blackberries were decidedly scarce this summer, and oh, so thirsty for rain. Barbara was so sorry for them, and wished with all her heart that drops of rain would fall all over Farmer Day's big berry patch. For two long weeks Barbara had come every afternoon on the suburban car to the farm to pick berries, but she had scarcely made more money than would pay for her carfare from the city. How she had planned the money she had hoped to make! First she would buy enough wool for a sweater, and Grandmother would knit it for the Christmas box to go to Bob, the soldier brother in France. Then Barbara was going to carry the rest of the money that she earned picking berries to the Red Cross women, who knew a thousand ways to spend it for the wounded in the hospitals.

But now she would be lucky if she earned enough to buy the wool for the sweater. Glancing up from the box she had been so slowly filling, she shook her head with its Dutch cut, gazing sorrowfully at the empty berry bushes. Suddenly she gasped, jumping out into the open, forgetting brambles, berries, and all. Farmer Day's prize Jersey cow was contentedly nibbling off the excellent crop of beans ripening in the adjoining field. And Barbara knew very well that this was very wrong, for Farmer Day would never turn his cows into the bean patch. And Barbara also knew that cows

are greedy enough to eat until they make themselves sick, not thinking to leave enough beans for the good farmer's table.

Barbara ran out to the lane to investigate. Yes, the Jersey had broken down the bars. One was split into several pieces. The whole herd of cows were working their way from the pasture toward the opening in the bars. Barbara groaned. The herd of cows would soon ruin Farmer Day's crops. But what could she do? The other berry pickers—girls like herself—were at work on the other side of the pasture. Farmer Day with his Helper Man had gone to the market and would not be home until supper time.

Somehow, and all alone, Barbara must drive the Jersey back into the pasture and stand guard at the opening in the bars till the farmer came home. Barbara—born in the city—had never before come so near to the cows. Her arms all goose flesh, her breath coming up into her throat in queer little gasps, Barbara picked up a long stick and ran toward the bean-poles. Waving the stick in the air, she cried out in a funny, squeaky voice, that she could hardly believe was her very own:

"So Bossy, here Bossy—Bossy—Bossy!"

The cow stared back at Barbara, then with a long-drawn-out "Moo-oo" turned from the feast of beans and rambled off toward the lane. Barbara darted behind the Jersey and with a flourish of her stick turned the cow's head toward the pastures, which lead she obediently followed.

Barbara drew a big, big sigh of relief. The Jersey was safe in the pasture. But how was she to guard the broken-down bars? Barbara knew she could never put the pieces together again so that they

would stay. She could see no other help outside of staying close to the bars herself and waving her stick whenever the cows strayed near the fence. So she perched like a squirrel on a pole and hour after hour watched the herd of Farmer Day. The sun was blazing hot and the cows bound to crawl through the broken bars. They strolled close to Barbara's post of duty, their big, soft eyes taking stock of the little girl in a very solemn manner indeed. Never once did Barbara turn her back on that pasture, but kept the old stick waving.

The berry pickers came rambling from the pastures, and a little lump came up in Barbara's throat, choking her. She had filled only one box with blackberries that long afternoon. Then she heard the rumble of wheels, and jumping from her post of duty ran down the lane to meet Farmer Day. In one breathless, excited jumble of words she told the farmer the story of the Jersey feeding off the patch of beans, then white and tired she stretched out under the cherry trees to rest.

"Bless your heart, child. You surely saved my crop of beans and maybe some of the cows. They're mighty greedy, when they get into a patch of beans," exclaimed Farmer Day, adding: "How are we ever to pay you? But there, I guess some day we can think up a suitable reward. I must have those bars mended right away." And he sent the Helper Man to the loft of the big barn for new poles.

The berry season was short, and, much disappointed, Barbara finished her berry picking. She had only earned, besides her carfare, enough money to buy the wool for Bob's sweater. Every time she saw the Red Cross gleaming against a white surface, she sighed to think how she had failed in trying to help the hospitals for wounded soldiers.

It was late in October that a letter from Farmer Day came addressed to Barbara. Much excited she opened the envelope, wondering why Farmer Day should write to her. Then she read aloud to Grandmother:

"Dear Little Miss Barbara,—The Jersey that you drove out of the bean patch back into the pasture has a fine young calf. She is pure white, excepting for the strangest marking—a Red Cross, which is clearly outlined on her side. It is there just as plain as can be. Now, my wife and I think that we owe the calf to you for working so hard last summer to save the crop of beans and the herd of cows. So we want you to accept the calf as a token of our gratitude. I shall be going into the city on Saturday and will drive the calf to your home.

Sincerely,

FARMER DAY."

"A calf!" gasped Grandmother. "Whatever shall we do with a calf in an apartment house?"

But Barbara's eyes were shining like stars. A calf with a Red Cross plainly outlined on its glossy white side! Wouldn't



SUMMER DAYS ON THE FARM

folks everywhere be crazy to see such a curiosity? If only the Red Cross women could put that calf on exhibition, Barbara believed they could make money for the hospital fund.

"I am going to give my calf to the Red Cross!" Barbara exclaimed, clapping her hands.

Saturday brought Farmer Day and the calf to Barbara's home. Barbara saw them coming, and running down the street crawled into the wagon beside the farmer, directing him to the Red Cross rooms. As Barbara expected, the white calf with her strange marking of the Red Cross made a big sensation. The Red Cross women put her in a tent at the exhibition in the Park. Hundreds of people gladly paid their fee to see such a curiosity. And, as if she realized the meaning of the Red Cross on her sleek, white side, the calf stood patiently, proudly, day after day, on exhibition. Then one night the Red Cross women came to Barbara bringing her a receipt for all the money that the calf had earned.

"Over one hundred dollars!" gasped Barbara. "Why, I couldn't have earned that in ten summers."

"And one of our good women, who lives in the country and keeps two cows, has offered to take care of the Red Cross calf for us. All of her cream and butter will be sold to help the Red Cross fund," explained the woman, handing Barbara the receipt, adding, "So you see, Barbara, your gift will be continuously making money for years to come."

The Flag.

AS soon as we are dressed each day,
We raise the Flag before we play.

Jane raises it,—she pulls the string;
I shoot the cannon; and we sing
"America." We sing it loud,
And cheer as if we were a crowd.

Then we salute the Flag, and make
A little prayer for Jesus' sake:—

*God bless our Flag
And Soldier Men
Who fight for us
Abroad. Amen.*

And after that we feel that we
Can eat our breakfast properly.

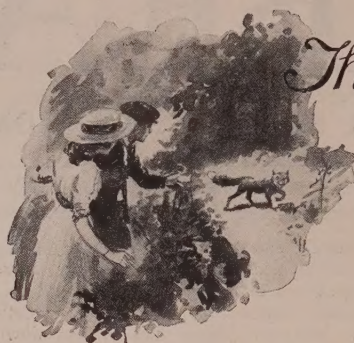
*The Contributors' Club,
Atlantic Monthly.*

Pumpkin's Career.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

I'M just a common pumpkin;
My home, you children know,
Is in a field or garden—
And there I gladly grow.
I've ripened through the autumn,
Till—mellow, golden, round—
I'm like a ball of sunshine,
A-laughing on the ground.

Once long ago a pumpkin
(A relative of mine)
Became of Cinderella
A coach so grand and fine.
My future seems quite certain;
I look for no surprise.
For you, a jack-o'-lantern;
For mother, pumpkin pies.



Drawing by H. Weston Taylor.

"THEY'VE had an accident," said Frederick, in a low voice, as he looked at the fallen hydroplane lying on the water. "There were two men in the machine. Can you make out what's happened to them, Lynn?"

Four pairs of eyes soon discovered one of the men swimming about the crumpled machine. Then they saw something else that rose and sank, rose, and was going down again when the swimmer caught hold of it and raised a ringing shout for help.

It was easy to guess what had happened. One of the men had been hurt when the plane came down; he seemed a dead weight in the hands of his comrade who had caught hold of him. The uninjured man could hold up his helpless burden, but to get safely ashore with it through those yards of yeasty water was quite another thing.

"He can't make anybody hear at the lighthouse," Lynn peered across the channel at the tall tower opposite. "The wind is blowing the wrong way and likely as not they'll be at work in some other part of the island. If Terry hadn't gone off with the boat— Say, Frederick, what are you going to do?"

Frederick had stripped off his sweater and was laying his shoes up in a dry crevice of the ledge.

"Going to swim across to Rainbow and get that boat I can see on the shore over there. That's the quickest way. Don't you be scared, Emily. You and I have taken longer swims than that lots of times at Crescent Lake."

Emily looked doubtfully at the rough stretch of water between the ledge where they stood and the shore of the island, but Frederick only laughed at her anxious face. He was strong and fearless in the water, and though he knew there was likely to be an awkward current in that channel as well as some danger, perhaps, from concealed rocks, he thought he could manage somehow.

"Anyway," he argued, "the man that is hurt may die if he stays there, and the other one can't hold him up all day while they're churning around like that. A boat is what they want, and they want it quick."

With that the boy was gone, down over the rocks; and in a minute they saw him picking his way across the channel, now swimming smoothly straight ahead, now plunging through a wave that broke all over him, but always holding steadily toward the opposite shore. To the watchers on the ledge it seemed much longer than it really was before they saw him

The Cabin on the Sky Line

by Mabel S. Merrill

Chapter Fourth.

scramble out on the little beach, pause a moment for breath, and then run to the boat—a stout dory drawn up on the sand.

"Wish I was there to help him," muttered Lynn, as he watched; "but I couldn't have swum that channel."

"He'll be all right now," declared Emily, with a long breath of relief. "Frederick is used to boats. Look, he's got it off."

It was rough work to pull out to the disabled airplane, but it was soon over. They saw the injured man lifted on board by the other one, with what help the boy could give him. As Frederick pulled for the beach two men came running from the lighthouse to help the castaways. Willing hands carried the injured man to the light-keeper's house at the foot of the tower, and then Frederick, in the dory, came picking his way across the channel again.

"All aboard for Rainbow!" he shouted. "They think the man is only stunned by the fall. That big fellow you saw helping is Charles Avery, the light-keeper's son. He says for us all to come right over."

Lynn and the two girls lost no time in scrambling into the pitching dory, and in a little while they were walking up to the door of the light-keeper's neat, white house. Charles, a tall fellow of eighteen, let them in and found some dry clothes for Frederick from his own wardrobe.

"They're not what you'd call a dandy fit," remarked Charles, "but they'll do till mother gets yours dry. She's putting on flatirons in the kitchen now; she'll have them in shape for you. Dad is helping take care of the man you fished out and they say he'll be all right soon. So I don't see why we shouldn't take it easy and enjoy ourselves. This is the day the tower is open to visitors, and we'll go right up if you say so."

Mrs. Avery smiled at the happy-looking troop of youngsters as they went through the kitchen. "You'll have plenty of time," she said. "Terry won't be back along yet; it always takes him some time to get his load of clams; he isn't one to hurry himself." Terry, it seemed, was well known to the lighthouse people.

They climbed the winding stairs of the tall tower and crept up the steep ladder at the top. They inspected the great shining lantern which at night flung its warning far out to sea, and then they exclaimed over the view from this high station. What interested Alice most was the cloud of sea birds rising from the rocks close underneath where they stood.

"Anybody who wants to get pictures of gulls ought to come and live here," she declared.

"Are you interested in pictures?" asked Charles. "So am I. Come on down and I'll show you my cameras."

Charles had a big room of his own in a corner of the house at the foot of the tower. One side of it looked directly down upon the water, so that the gulls seemed to be laughing and talking right under the window.

"There aren't as many laughing gulls here as there used to be at Monhegan," Charles observed. "Some say the laughers are getting scarce—there's one now. Listen a minute."

Through the open window the children could plainly hear the peal of laughter from the rocks below. It sounded so human that it was quite startling at first.

"Oh," sighed Alice, "how I'd like to get a picture of him for Daddy Oriole's book."

"I can get you one if I watch," affirmed Charles. "I can't pick out that laughing chap from the crowd just this minute, but I'm sure to get my eye on him sooner or later from this window. The gulls are so tame they almost come in here sometimes. Say, who's Daddy Oriole? Sounds like somebody out of a Mother Goose rhyme."

They told him all about their old friend and his book, and the cabin on the skyline. Charles seemed to take a great deal of interest in the whole story, and said he would be proud to help get pictures. Then he fairly took Alice's breath away by displaying his cameras. There were four of them of the standard makes, and it was plain that Charles knew a great deal about using them. They were large enough to take fine big pictures.

They lingered at the window till they sighted Terry in the motor boat speeding up the bay. Then Lynn and the girls went out on the rocks to hail him, and Frederick had just time to slip into his freshly-dried clothes before they were ready to start.

"We've got a new chum," Lynn said, as they waved good-bye to Charles, standing on the rocks. "We shan't mind sharing Daddy Oriole with him."

A crew of men were taking the hydro-plane ashore as they passed. The officer who had been in the machine when it came down signaled them to stop while he asked Frederick his name and thanked him for his help. The man's arm was in a sling and he explained that, though he had been able to use it at first after his plunge into the sea, it was fast becoming helpless by the time he had got hold of his unconscious comrade.

"It got a wrench when the accident happened, so I'd have been in a bad fix if you hadn't lent me a hand," finished the officer, and he waved his cap to them as the motor boat sped away.

Back at the little island where they had left the "Queen," Mr. Lanson came down to the shore to hear their adventures. Sally had been put in fine shape and the four were soon at their own landing, feeling that they had had a lively day.

"And the beans and brown-bread are perfectly all right," pronounced Emily, as she and Alice set the table for supper in front of Daddy Oriole's cabin.

After this outing two weeks passed away quietly enough. Every morning the four children met at the cabin and the two girls did Daddy's housework for the day, while Lynn picked blueberries and hunted up dry fuel in the woods and Frederick kept the tramp typewriter clicking on the bench out by the door.

"I never took so much solid comfort in my life," Daddy Oriole confided to Mother Heath, when she came up to see him one day. "Hot tea and johnny-cake all ready for me when I come up the hill all tired out, and good-smelling stew to cheer me up when it's cold and rainy. Two girls to wait on me; one boy making me a cupboard

so the gray squirrels can't carry off my victuals, and another one clacking away on a typewriter from morning till night, just to give an old fellow the pleasure of seeing his funny adventures in the woods all printed out straight and clean. Well, I hope I can find a way to make it up to 'em sometime." And at this Mother Heath laughed, and told him the children were well repaid for what they were doing by the fun they were getting out of it.

"We've adopted you, Daddy," Emily would say, "so of course it's our business to take care of you. Mamma says I'm learning to cook faster than I ever did before, and papa says if you can stand it all summer I ought to be able to get a diploma in the fall. He's just making fun, you know, but he likes to have us tell him all about what we do up here. If he wasn't so busy with his arithmetic book, I think he'd like to come with us some day."

By working away early and late Frederick had that great ragged mass of papers half copied. Alice had taken some good pictures of the baby raccoon and of Sam Smoke, the crow. She was trying hard to pose Redhair for his fourth portrait one morning, when they saw that Daddy Oriole, who had started at the usual time to work, was coming back up the path at the other side of the hill.

"No work all day to-day," he announced. "So I didn't see why we couldn't all have a holiday out in the woods. There's a place some miles from here that I've always wanted to show you."

This suited everybody, and there was lively work packing lunch boxes and running home with messages and explanations. In a surprisingly short time they were all going down the back side of the hill and out of the city by an old road they had never noticed before.

(To be continued.)

Moonlight Revels.

BY SAIDEE GERARD RUTHRAUFF.

LAST night I hung head down like a bat
From a horn of the crisp young moon,
And I heard the wail of a wild moon-cat,
And the scream of a phantom loon!

I heard the hiss of a molten star
New-flung to the creeping Night,
And a flock of Balk birds flying afar
I could see in a greenish light!

The Tale of a Tiny Tree.

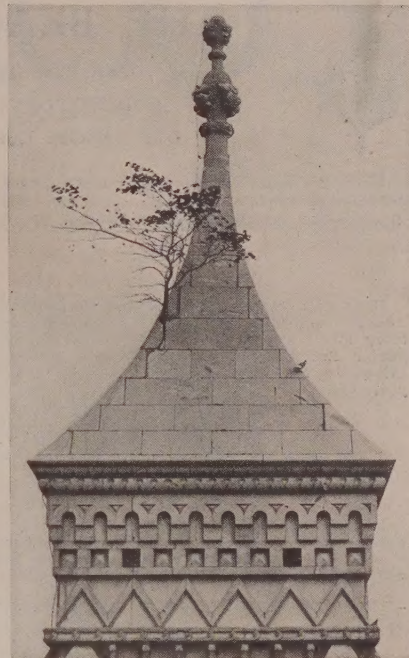
BY CAROL C. CRAIN.

A SINGLE stone from David's sling put Goliath, the giant, completely out of order. The little triumphed over the mighty.

A wee bird conspired with a diminutive seed and conquered the tower of the court-house at Greensburg, Ind. The seed sprouted and grew into a maple tree that caused the place of its birth to be known as "The-Tree-on-the-Tower City."

And the tiny tree became the inspiration of a song-writer who christened his musical bit "The Tree on the Tower." He prefaced the music with this account of the freak growth:

"The tree is not a myth, but an actual fact. It may be seen the year through, putting forth its leaves in the spring and



THE TREE ON THE TOWER

shedding them as naturally as though its tangled roots were firmly planted in old Mother Earth. The seed is supposed to have been planted there by a bird when the tower was being constructed, and the cement, being of a porous nature, holds enough moisture to sustain its life."

The little maple is older than it looks. You would never guess it to be twenty-eight, but a gray-haired resident of Greensburg avers the figure is correct.

"The first shoot," he told me, "was noticed about forty-five years ago. Later other shoots were seen. At the time the court-house was remodeled twenty-eight years ago, the first tree showed signs of decay and was removed. The stump of it, however, is still standing about a foot above the stone blocks which form the roof of the tower. The remaining tree is in a healthy condition."

Is the tiny tree really forty-five instead of twenty-eight? It stands as an indisputable example of persistence and success under difficulty, and all Greensburg is immensely proud of the little maple.

The Reason Why.

BY LON BRIER.

I MADE me a Jack-o'-lantern,
The handsomest ever seen,
And Carlo and I and Rowdy
Went walking on Hallowe'en.

We planned to frighten the neighbors,
But just as we reached the track
A tall white thing came toward us,
And all of us scampered back.

Carlo and I and Rowdy
Are older and wiser now;
We know that our ghost, that evening,
Was only a friendly cow.

But Carlo has eaten my candle,
And that is the reason why
I'm giving my Jack-o'-lantern
To the pigs, for a pumpkin pie!



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Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

15 GROSVENOR SQUARE,
SCHENECTADY, N.Y.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am ten years old and get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I am sending a story about some squirrels. Our school is a Junior Red Cross Unit and we give lots of things to the soldiers. My sister is seven years old.

Yours truly,
WINFIELD H. BEARCE.

12 BALGAY AVENUE,
BLACKNESS ROAD,
DUNDEE, SCOTLAND.

Dear Miss Buck,—I read *The Beacon* every Sunday, and I would like to become a member of the Club. I go to the Unitarian church, of which the Rev. Henry Williamson is minister.

I love the church and the Sunday school. I am eleven years old, and go to the Harris Academy, one of the many schools in Dundee. I am a Boy Scout, and my scout master is Dr. Wood. My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Anderson.

Yours truly,

JAMES G. SPEED.

LAWRENCE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian church. We get *The Beacon* every Sunday and I enjoy reading the stories and also the letters. My Sunday school teacher is Miss Spalding. There are six children in my class. Of course it isn't many, but there are other classes. Every month we have a social in the church. Our minister is Rev. Mr. Nichols. I would enjoy being a member of the Beacon Club and also to wear the pin.

Sincerely yours,

IRMA SCHERTEL.

The Children and the Squirrel.

BY ELIZABETH GALE.

IT was Fourth of July. Down in the park there had been speaking and singing and tableaux, and Harry and his sister Bess had taken part with the other children, but it was all over now and they were coming home.

"Of course it is nice to wave flags, and sing and talk about freedom," said Bess, as they reached their own front yard; "but don't you think it would be nice to do something about it too?"

"What can you do about it?" said Harry. "This country is free and independent now, so what more is there to be done?"

"Oh, I didn't mean big things like that," Bess answered; "I just mean little things—making somebody or something free and happy."

"We might let the dog loose, if you mean anything like that," returned Harry.

"I mean something like that, but I don't mean just that," said Bess. "There is a reason for keeping the dog chained, you know. He is cross and bites people. But we might let our squirrel out of his cage. Ever since we caught him he has been gnawing at the bars and trying to get out, and there is no reason for keeping him in except that we just want to."

"That's so," said Harry, "and I suppose it would be a good plan to practice freedom as well as talk about it. Still, I don't like to let my squirrel go."

"But think how much he would like it!" cried Bess.

Harry had to think about that part of it a long while before he was willing to part with his lively little bushy-tailed squirrel, but at last he decided to let him go.

The two children carried the cage out to the back yard and set it on an old stump, and then they opened the door, and I wish you could have seen Mr. Squirrel scamper! He was up to the top of the pear tree before you could whistle.

For a while the children were afraid that he was going to run away from them altogether, but by and by he came down to the ground to get the nuts and things they dropped there

for him to eat, and after a week or two they coaxed him to the porch steps and fed him there.

He would never go back to the cage, though. He has built a nest for himself up in the pine tree now, but he seems to be better friends with the children than when he lived in their cage, and sometimes he will climb up to their shoulders and even hunt in their pockets for nuts.

"Free squirrels are lots more fun than caged ones," said Bess, the other day, as she watched the little fellow go skipping through the trees.

"Yes," Harry answered, "I think so too." And then he put a nut on his shoulder and called and the squirrel came down just as fast as he could scamper to get it.

Hallowe'en Witches.

THERE are countless witches roaming Everywhere this Hallowe'en; 'Tis the queerest lot of witches Human eyes have ever seen.

They are lurking round the corners In most unexpected lairs, Waiting to jump out upon you When they catch you unawares.

There is one we meet most often, He is called "Oh, I forgot"; And his friend, "I didn't mean to," Is the worst one of the lot.

"Couldn't help it" is another Who delights to capture us, And his friend, "Just wait a minute," Really is quite dangerous.

Hand in hand are two more witches, Here, and there, and everywhere: "Let it wait until to-morrow," And his comrade, "I don't care."

Oh, these ever-present witches, How they love to lurk about! They are sure to catch you napping If you don't keep watching out.

LILIAN CLISBY BRIDGHAM,
in the *Youth's Companion*.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA VIII.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 15, 11, 10, is a piece of wood.
My 20, 3, 13, 14, 6, 7, is next to the first.
My 12, 5, 6, is used in summer.
My 4, 5, 17, 18, is the young of an animal.
My 1, 2, 16, 20, is in this manner.
My 19, 20, is a personal pronoun.
My 8, 6, is a preposition.
My 11, 9, 3, is a single person.
My whole is a great historical event.

V. L. E.

ENIGMA IX.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 13, 14, 15, 16, is a boy's name.
My 22, 2, 26, is not lean.
My 25, 23, 24, gives heat and light.
My 27, 28, is a preposition.
My 1, 4, 5, 8, is the early part of the day.
My 6, 11, 12, 7, is a heavy wind.
My 22, 9, 10, 24, grows in the woods.
My 18, 19, 20, 17, is a cereal.
My 3, 2, 20, 21, is a boy's name.
My whole was a prominent officer in the Spanish-American War.

THEODORE STETSON.

CHARADE.

My first is soft and woolly,
Like a pussy by my side;
And as she yawns and stretches,
(Her mouth still open wide),
I see that she's been taking
My first; that she can't hide.

My last are "those quite near me,"
They told me when I asked;
Yet I am less than kind, 'twas said;
By Hamlet thus 'twas classed.
And still I am connected
With each and all my last.

In far Japan my total
Is made in colors gay,
'Tis certainly attractive
For picnics; yet I say
A plainer, heavier style we want
To use for every day.

The Independent.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A kind of fuel.
2. A girl's name.
3. Grows old visibly.
4. A tool used by shoemakers.

Scattered Seeds.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 2.

ENIGMA III.—Marguerite Clark.
ENIGMA IV.—The Birth of a Nation.
ENIGMA V.—Robert Fulton.
"NUTS ADDED."—1. Coconut. 2. Walnut. 3. Peanut. 4. Hazelnut. 5. Chestnut. 6. Beechnut.
PIED WORDS.—I. Quassia. II. President.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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